71

# *Clods Carroll: or*, A proper new Iigg, to be ſung Dialogue wiſe, of a man and a woman that would needs be married.

To a pleaſant new Tune.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Man. NOw in the Garden are we well met,
To craue our promiſe,
for promiſe is a debt.
Wom Come ſit thee down all by my ſide,
and when that thou art ſet,
ſay what thou will vnto me.

M. Shew me vnfaignedly,
and tell me thy mind,
For one may haue a yong wench
that is not ouer-kind.
W. Seeke all the world for ſuch a one,
then hardly ſhalt you find
a Loue of ſoch perfection.

M. This ſingle life is wearieſome,
faine would I marry:
But feare of ill chuſing
makes me to tarry:
Some ſayes that fleſh is flexible,
and quickly it will vary.
W. It's very true, God mend them.

M. Why ſpeak'ſt thou ill of women,
ſith thou thy ſelfe art one?
W. Would all the reſt were conſtant
ſaue I my ſelfe alone.
M. Faith, good or bad, or howſoe're,
I cannot liue alone,
but needs I muſt bee married.

W. To marry with a yong wench,
ſhe'l make thee poore with pride:
To marry with one of middle age,
perhaps ſhe hath beene try'd:
To marry with an old one,
to freeze by fire ſide;
both old and young are faulty.

M. Ile marry with a yong wench,
of beauty and of wit.
W. It is better tame a yong Colt,
without a curbing bit.
M. But ſhe will throw her rider downe.
W. I true, be cannot ſit.
when Fillies fall a wighing.

M. Ile marry one of middle age,
for ſhe will loue me well.
W. But if her middle much be bs'd,
by heaven and by hell;
Thou ſhalt find more griefes
than thouſand tongues can tell:
Ah, ſilly man, God helpe thee.

M. Ile marry with an old wench,
that knowes not good from bad.
W. But once within a fortnight
ſhe'l make her husband mad.
M. Beſhrew thee for thy counſell,
for thou haſt made me ſad:
but needs I muſt be married.

W. To marry with a young wench,
me thinkes it were a bliſſe:
To marry one of middle age,
it were not much amiſſe.
I'de marry one of old age,
and match where money is;
there's none are bad in chuſing.

M. Then thou for all thy ſaying,
commendſt the ſingle life.
W. I, freedome is a popiſh
baniſhment of ſtrife.
M. Hold thy tongue fond woman,
for I muſt haue a wife.
W. A Cuckold in reuerſion.

When you are once married
all one whole yeare,
Tell me of your fortune,
and meet with me here:
To thinke vpon my counſell
thou wilt ſhed many a teare;
till which time I will leaue thee.

M. Were I but aſſured,
and of a Beggars lot,
Still to liue in miſery,
and neuer worth a groat,
To haue my head well furniſhed
as any horned Goat;
for all this would I marry.

Farewell you lucky Batchelors,
to marriage I am bent:
When I haue try'd what marriage is,
Ile tell you the euent;
And tell the cauſe, if cauſe there be,
wherein I doe repent,
that euer I did marry. FINIS.

## The second part, To the same tune.

W. Good-morrow to thée new married man,
how doest thou fare?
M. As one quite marr'd with marriage,
consum'd and kill'd with care:
Would I had tane thy counsell.
W. But thou wouldst not beware.
M. Alas, it was my fortune.

W. What griefe doth most oppresse thée?
may I request to know?
M. That I have got a wanton.
W. But is she not a shrow?
M. Shée's any thing that evill is,
but I must not say so.
W. For feare that I should flout thee.

M. Indéed to mocke at misery,
would adde vnto my griefe.
W. But I will not torment thée,
but rather lend reliefe:
And therefore in thy marriage,
tell me what woes are chiefe;
good counsell yet may cure thée.

W. Is not thy huswife testy,
too churlish and too sowre?
M. The devill is not so waspish,
shee's never pleas'd an howre.
W. Canst thou not tame a devill?
lies it not in thy power?
M. Alas I cannot conjure.

W. What, goeth she not a gossiping,
to spend away thy store?
M. Woe what I can, I promise you,
shée's ever out of doore;
That were I nere so thrifty,
yet she would make me poore:
woes me I cannot mend it.

W. How goeth shée in apparell?
delights she not in pride?
M. No more than Birds doe bushes,
or barts the riuer side.
Witnesse to that, her looking-glasse,
where shée hath stood in pride
a whole forenoone together.

W. How thinkst thou? was she honest,
and loyall to thy bed?
M. I thinke her legs doe fall away,
for spring time hanging head.
And were not hornes invisible,
I warrant you I were sped
with broad browed Panthers.

W. Thy griefe is past recovery,
no salue will help but this:
To take thy fortune patiently,
and brooke her what she is.
Yet many things amended are,
that have beene long amisse;
and so in time may she be.

M. I cannot stay here longer,
my wife or this doth stay:
And he thats bound as I am bound,
perforce must needs obey.
W. Then farewell to thée new married man,
since you will needs away;
I can but griene thy fortune.

M. All you that be at libertie,
and would be void of strife:
I speake it on experience,
ne're venture on a wife.
For if you match, you will be matcht
to such a weary life,
that you will all repent you.

FINIS.

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